THE KID.

VOL. II. LANCASTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1903. NO. 5.

Personals.

MERRY XMAS!

It wont
be very
long now
before he
comes along.
So just
be sure to
have your
stockings
ready for him

James Colt is going to have a toboggan slide this winter.

Charles Kittinger's toboggan slide is ready for business.

John Alden Cushing printed a paper by hand the other day. His paper is called the "Great Wolf." It has some illustrations printed by Robert Cushing's new printing press.

The boys of Lombardy Street had a good time the other day by hoisting up boys (by means of a pulley) from the ground to the 2nd floor of John Pfalzer's barn.

Gladys Davis, Ruth Kittinger, George Davis, and Charles Irish go to Dancing School in Buffalo every Saturday.

The Sincos have been engaged for some time in fitting up a club house. They have a little room owned by Arthur James' father. They have lace curtains over the windows, seven chairs, a foot rest, and a carpet. They intend to cover the wall with pictures so that there will be no wall to be seen. The company consists of George Scroggie, Arthur James, James Colt, and Charles Irish. They have a table and a stove, and periodicals and magazines are piled on shelves and on the table.

John Smiley bought a pair of 2 lb. dumbbells in Buffalo a few days ago.

Lester Young was so sick in school that she had to go home a few days ago.

Walter Hawley lives in town now.

Hazel Hibbard and Florence Bingham are taking dancing lessons in Buffalo this winter.

Roswell Shepherd had a party on his seventh birthday, November 10th. There was a carriage ride about the village, then refreshments were served. After that, games were played.

What is it that will go up a chimney down; but will not go down a chimney up?

The editor of this paper will be 14 years old on the 8th. of December.

The Lancaster High School Athletic Association has elected the following officers:—

President, Samuel King.
Vice President, Leonard Bruce.
Secretary, Ida Greis.
Treasurer, Robert Hummell.
Physical Directors, Prof. B. B. Farnsworth and Dr. John Miller.

The School Board has granted permission to the High School department and the 8th. grade to use the Assembly Room for basket-ball, under the direction of Prof. Farnsworth.

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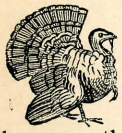


The Turkey is a very proud bird this year, as he is worth twenty cents a pound. That is a good deal more than some people are worth. We heard one man say of another, not long ago, that he "wouldn't give two cents for him." And we often hear of people who are "not worth a cent."

Physical Culture. Exercise X.

By George A. Davis, Jr.

Stand erect, arms rigid at, and a few inches from the sides. Knuckles to the front, chest raised, hips pressed back. Bring the right arm smartly to the front, and as far to the left as possible without moving the shoulders, the upper arm to be pressed close to the chest, the left arm at the same time to be pressed behind as far to the right as possible; the arms should be slightly bent, and the shoulders should not move, the head turned towards the right shoulder. Make a momentary pause in this position and then reverse, viz: the left arm in front and the right arm behind the body, head turned to the left. Take a short breath as the arms move outward, expelling same as the arms move inward. Care should be taken to prevent any swing.

Reception.

Senator Davis recently gave a reception at the Town Hall. There were 400 guests invited. The hall was beautifully decorated and the stage was decorated with palms and ferns with sofas and chairs among them. The reception began at 9 P. M. and ended at 1 A. M. At about 12 o'clock refreshments were served in the court room. There was a beautiful buffet arrangement outside the hall. There was fine music and there were many dances. The various dances were: two step, waltz, lanciers, and Virginia reel.

Mozart and Beethoven.

Mrs. Kittinger's musicale will be in January. Selections will be rendered from Mozart and Beethoven. Her pupils are Henrietta Monchow, Ruth Kittinger, Grace Zuidema, and Charles Irish.

The oldest Newspaper in the world is published at Pekin, China, and has appeared regularly since its 1st. number. It was started in about 1300.

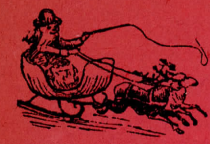
Marion Jackson has a new doll named Nelly.

The editor has received a Catalogue of the T. S. Clarkson Memorial School of Technology at Potsdam, N. Y. The school has fine buildings, and is well equipped. It has courses in Civil and Electrical Engineering, Chemistry, Draughting, etc., also a department of Domestic Science. A State Normal School is also at Potsdam, and many of the students at the Normal take special work at the "Tech."

There has been an addition to the "kids" in Lancaster within the last month in the shape of a baby at Mr. Dann's.

Harriet Phillips has been chosen captain of the girls' High School basket-ball team.

There is a new baby at Teddy Safford's, a boy.



SUPPLEMENT

TO THE KID, DECEMBER, 1903.

Personals, etc.

James Garner has gone to Columbus, Ind., where his father now is. He expects to make his home there, but we hope he will get back to see his Lancaster friends once in a while. All wish him good luck.

The High School Basket-Ball Team was beaten Saturday, Nov. 28, by the Bank of Buffalo Team. Score, 21 to 8.

Menno Davis entertained some of his friends last week Wednesday, in honor of his birthday.

Arthur Raynor, of Canisius College, spent Thanksgiving at his home here.

The Charles & Co. invited the sewing Club and Miss Welsh to their club room, on Thanksgiving Day, at 4 p. m. They had a duck, pie, fried cakes, bananas, etc. The Company expected to have the room well heated by the time the guests arrived, but one of the members having staid off skating a little later than he intended, they did not light the fire until about ½ hour before the guests came. Consequently, all had to keep on their wraps to keep from freezing. Two of those invited disappointed the Company, but Miss Welsh, Gladys Davis, and Henrietta Monchow came, and all had a good time playing a game the Sincoes own. Miss Welsh won.

Boys or Young Men,

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Underwear,
Mittens, Hats, and Caps.

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Parlors.
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A Mischief Maker.

I have a kitten black as night,
With eyes that shine like morning light;
They are yellow as the sun,
When he can't find any fun.
But when he does, beware! beware!
For every paper he will tear,
And strew the house with tiny bits,
When he gets on tearing fits.
He is very round and furry,
He is full of hurry, scurry;
From the attic to the stairs,
All around the house he tears;
Under foot and over head,
Out of doors when we're abed.
He catches mice and moles,
And he watches at their holes;
But he doesn't dare to catch a rat,
For he is such a baby cat;
My Ebony. R. W. A.

? ? ? ? ?

Question Box.

(The Question Box is free to all. Ask any questions you want to. Send in answers to questions asked here. Make them short.)

NEW QUESTIONS.—

1. Who is the greatest living man, and why?
2 What is the height of Niagara Falls?
3. Why are children called "Kids?"
4. Why does the snow always melt away from around trees, etc., more than anywhere else?
5. Are fresh-water clams good to eat?

ANSWERS to questions asked last month.

1. Several guesses have been sent as to the meaning of R. C. P. D. One is: "Reading, Card Playihg, Dancing." An out-of-town subscriber gives several: "It might be Reading, Chat, Play and Deviltry, as that is perhaps what they do at their meetings! Or, it might be Royal Court of Pretty Dolls!"

2. Another subscriber writes that "the leaves turn red in the fall for the same reason that a girl turns red when she is kissed —by the sun and air!

3. One subscriber is evidently down on corporal punishment in the schools, and we give his reasons. But we would like to hear the other side also. He writes as follows:

"Corporal punishment should not be allowed because

I. If a teacher is fit to teach at all, (a good many are not,) he will not need to use it. Discipline depends on the personality and character of the teacher, not on his muscle. If he hasn't the power to control pupils by his personal influence and force of character, he has got into the wrong kind of work, and the sooner he gets out of it, the better.

2. It is out of date, and is practically unknown in most city schools. It is as much behind the times as the whipping-post in Delaware.

3. It does more harm than good, by hardening and embittering a boy and driving him into a spirit of sullenness, or defiance and retaliation. Naturally. It did not appeal to his reason or moral sense. Boys have these, as well as older people!

4. It is often inflicted unjustly. Several boys may be involved in the same mischief. One -perhaps the least to blame,-is detected and punished: the others go scot free. And nothing rankles like injustice, even though it is unintentional. The teacher

loses all right influence over that boy, from that time forward.

5. There have been legal trials on the matter, and owing to local sentiment, the teacher has usually been supported. But as a matter of fact, the law confers on a teacher no right to strike a child, any more than it does on one man to strike another. The latter is assault. Why not the former?

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS:—

1. Ought girls to play boys' games?
2. How do bees make honey?
3. How does the sun (or artificial light) print photographs?

I Want to be a Teacher.

I want to be a teacher,
And with the teachers stand:
A frown upon my forehead,
A ruler in my hand.

I want to be a teacher—
For then I'd feel the joys
Of filling full with terror
The little girls and boys.

I want to be a teacher,
Severely would I rule,
If any girl should giggle,
I'd keep her after school.

I want to be a teacher—
If any boy should dare
To whisper or look crosseyed,
I'd quickly pull his hair.

I want to be a teacher,
And with the teachers stand;
A frown upon my forehead,
A ruler in my hand.

That Terrible Dog.

CHAP. I.

Sophie had started the kitchen fire, and made all necessary preparations for the breakfast, and then went out, as usual, to sweep the front steps. Sophie was the maid in the establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Jiggers, and she went through this routine every morning, regularly as clockwork. At eight o'clock promptly, Mr. and Mrs. Jiggers appeared on the scene; and then it was Sophie's duty to wait upon them at the table. There were no children in the house, and Sophie was glad of it. Children were always such a nuisance! They were good for nothing but to come in with muddy shoes; they wanted things to eat between meals, and so on. No, she had only Mr. and Mrs. Jiggers to take care of, and they were enough, goodness knows,—especially the latter!

On this particular morning something very strange happened. When Sophie went out of the door, she nearly tumbled over something placed close to the door, on the porch. It was a large basket, covered with a cloth. What could it be, and how did it come there? After a moment of hesitation Sophie lifted it, but just as she did so, something in it wiggled, and there came from under the covering a queer sound,—a kind of whimper. It must be that someone had left on their doorstep a BABY!

Sophie was so scared at the idea, that she dropped the basket, Chug! down on the porch, jumped into the hall, shut the door and bolted it,—just as if a baby were a burglar, or a wild hyena. Then she tore upstairs, (tumbling down twice on the way,) to the door of Mrs. Jiggers' room,—didn't stop to knock,—just rushed in,—completely out of breath.

She scared Mrs. Jiggers, who was brushing her teeth, so that that lady swallowed a lot of water and tooth-powder, (and nearly the tooth-brush,) and went off in a violent fit of coughing, aggravated by her efforts to ask if the house was on fire.

[To be continued.]